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string passages, passes all belief; the more so, because his predecessors had not even prepared the way.

Paganini is one of those artistes of whom we must say, they exist because they exist, and not because others existed before them. Unfortunately, that which he has not been able to transmit to his successors, is the spark which animated and rendered sympathetic these astounding prodigies of mechanism. An idea is written, a form is designed, but the sentiment of execution cannot be fixed: it is unseizable; it is genius, soul, the flame of life, which in dying out leaves behind it darkness, profound in proportion to its brilliancy. For this reason it is, that not only the works of great inventive performers lose more or less by not being executed by the authors, but that also the productions of great original and expressive composers retain but a part of their power when the author does not preside at their performance.

Paganini's orchestration is brilliant and energetic, without being noisy. He often introduces the large drum into his *tutti* with unusual intelligence; in the Prayer of *Mosè*, Rossini has employed it throughout to beat simply on accented divisions of the measure: Paganini, in composing his fantasia on the same theme, has taken care not to imitate him in this point. At the commencement of the melody

"Dal tuo stellato soglio,"

Rossini has a beat on the penultimate syllable which is on an accented division; but Paganini, considering the accentuation of the melody (falling on the last syllable) to be incomparably more important, introduces the drum on the weak division in which it occurs; and the effect produced by this alteration is, in my opinion, much better and more original. One day, after complimenting Paganini upon this composition, some one added, "It must be owned that Rossini furnished you a very beautiful theme." "That's all very true," replied Paganini; "but he didn't invent my bang of the great drum."

It would be very difficult for me to continue the analysis of this phenomenon-artist's works—works of inspiration, in which principally we may trace the written manifestation of his miraculous abilities as a performer. Besides which, the recollections I have awakened.... "And you have never heard him?" asked Corsino. "Never."—Adieu, my friends.

MUSIC

AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 126.)

GREAT things have been said of the Sea's music.

"Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,

One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,

They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Wordsworth.

"Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie :—
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!"

Wordsworth.

"All noises by degrees
Were hush'd,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees,
All but the washing of the eternal seas."

Leigh Hunt.

"He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest."—*Milton.*

"The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves."—*Wither.*

"The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes."
Shakespeare.

"The moanings of the homeless sea."—*Tennyson.*

"The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
Its voice mysterious, which whose hears
Must think on what will be, and what has been."
Keats.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, when none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."—*Byron.*

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."—*Longfellow.*

"Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea, for ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee, whose thunders nought can tame.
The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more on Zion's awful hill.
And Memnon's, too, hath lost the chord that breath'd the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured are with her eagles flown;
And mute the Moorish horn, that rang o'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the learned Crusaders sang hath died in Galilee.
But thou art swelling on, thou deep, through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem ne'er to sleep until the close of Time!"
Mrs. Hemans.